

THE "KING OF THE DUDES" SPENDS A NIGHT AT THE NEW

20-CENT MILLS HOTEL.

BY J. WALDERE KIRK--DUDE.



AT the request of the Sunday Journal I have spent a night in the new Mills Hotel on Bleeker street. I paid 20 cents for the privilege, and gained several hundred dollars' worth of experience.

When I was told that the new hotel had over 1,500 rooms, I wondered how the architects had managed it. After a night's experience I understand it better. I have never seen space more thoroughly utilized in any building. Indeed, it is marvellous, and yet so airy and well ventilated is the structure throughout that it is sure to become almost a godsend to the poorer class of clerks who cannot afford living at a higher priced hotel or a boarding house.

When I entered the hotel I was surprised at the extreme neatness of everything. The walls and marble floors were spotless in spite of the fact that thousands have swarmed through the corridors daily since the opening of the hotel.

I was directed to a small cage on the left of the main doorway where I gave my name to the clerk, and was assigned to room 634. I had no luggage other than a hand satchel. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when I arrived, and I was told that no keys would be given out until 5 o'clock. This is to prevent the useless littering and soiling of the hallways and rooms on the upper floors. In the meantime I had an opportunity to look about me. On the second floor where I had expected to find the loud and noisy collection of men who usually haunt lodging houses, I found an orderly collection of persons reading, writing, smoking or conversing in low tones.

I was agreeably surprised. I do not believe there was a manual laboring man among them, or if there was, he was without the usual open-necked flannel shirt that marks the son of toll.

These men wore white shirts, standing

collars and derby hats. Their shoes were comparatively clean as were their hands. They looked like respectable clerks, to whom the Mills Hotel was a comfortable home.

At 5 o'clock I received my key, and stepping into the commodious elevator, was taken up stairs to my room. Being somewhat accustomed to large and roomy apartments, I was at first naturally disappointed at its size. A moment's reflection, however, dissipated the impression.

The room was quite large enough for a small iron bed and for dressing and undressing. It was probably five by seven feet.

Well, I thought to myself, a night's lodging at the Waldorf costs about fifty times as much as this—five dollars, at least. For five dollars in this hotel I can get the equivalent of a room 250 feet broad by 350 feet long.

In the Waldorf you are lucky to get a room ten by twelve.

I had come prepared to rough it, but I found there was no necessity. Everything was quiet, orderly and well kept. After an inspection of my room I went down stairs to the smoking room and afterward to the restaurant.

Here, I thought, I will catch the true lodging house flavor.

Nothing of the sort. Here, too, I found everything neat and clean. The bread was white and light, the food was plain and substantial and cheap, and the waitresses were as neatly dressed as those seen in many coffee houses.

Of course the soup which one got for 5 cents a plate was not as intricately flavored as that for which one pays 50 cents at the Waldorf, but it was half as good, and that means 25 cents' worth for 5 cents.

I ate a baricot of lamb for 10 cents. I have paid 25 cents for no better. The boiled potatoes were good, and from what I saw of the roast beef I am convinced

that it was as good as the 40-cent article in many restaurants.

There was also pie and pudding equal to similar articles in uptown hotels. Altogether I was immensely pleased over the combination of good quality and cheapness which I found throughout the hotel.

After eating in the restaurant I had a slight peep at the kitchen, which appeared to be conducted in a clean and orderly fashion.

Then I made a visit to my uptown haunts, where one cannot turn around without paying somebody a dollar for the privilege.

I have become so accustomed to squandering money in a more or less foolish way that I have come to resent economy. When it came time for me to go back to the Bleeker street hotel, according to promise, I did not feel a bit like doing it.

It was too much trouble, I thought. At the same time I was charmed with the merits of the new hotel, and had my circumstances been different I would have welcomed such a cleanly refuge.

I arrived at the hotel about midnight. Most of the lodgers had gone to bed. A few were still sitting in the smoking room, and one young man—a clerk, probably—sat at a table writing.

In a little while I was tucked in my little bed and sleeping the sleep of the just. I had intended to get up early in order to see the guests leave the hotel, but overslept myself.

When I awoke it was 9 o'clock. I dressed and went downstairs. The restaurant was empty.

"Where are all the lodgers?" I inquired of the grizzled old clerk.

"Bless your soul!" he replied, "they have gone to work two hours ago. There are no sluggards in this place!"

This was hot shot from an unexpected quarter. "We had over 600 guests last night," the clerk continued, "and by Sunday night we expect that every one of the 1,500 rooms will be filled, and that we will

be turning them away."

I did not have much of an appetite, but managed to do justice to a cup of good coffee and a piece of crisp dry toast.

To sum up my entire experience, I can truthfully say that I regard the hotel as filling a long vacant place in the city's charities. It has nothing about it that snacks of the Bowery, and its appointments are far better than many hotels.

Of course, it would be unfair to compare it to the Waldorf. Here money is actually thrown away for pastime. The Astors are adepts in the art of making men spend much money for very little.

Compare it rather with the Grand Union, where the prices range from \$2 to \$5 a day. Such a comparison is certainly creditable to the Mills Hotel.

It is not a bad business enterprise either. With the hotel rooms filled, as they will undoubtedly be in a few days, the lodging receipts alone will be \$300 a day. They should easily clear \$50 a day on their restaurant. In fact, the total receipts, clear of all expenses, should net Mr. Mills \$200 a day, or about \$73,000 a year. Quite a comfortable income, eh?

One of the chief comforts of the Mills Hotel is the fact that there is no necessity whatever for tips. The 100 servants in the hotel do their work without blackmail, because they know that blackmail is impossible.

You do not have to pay for the diamonds in the shirt bosoms of the clerk or for the brass buttons on the jackets of the bell boys.

I am disposed to be liberal to servants, but I have fought the tip evil periodically for years. At times I lose hope, and submit slavishly to it. If there is any inducement stronger than another to live at the Mills Hotel it is the absence of underpaid servants who rely on tips to eke out a livelihood.

Some time when I want to dine in utter peace and comfort, I shall go again to the Mills Hotel on Bleeker street, pay 25 cents for a square meal and credit myself with \$1.75, one dollar of which would have been badgered out of me elsewhere by threatening and impudent waiters.

J. WALDERE KIRK.



MR. KIRK REGISTERS.



AT THE GENERAL LAVATORY.



IN HIS 20-CENT BED.



THE 15-CENT DINNER.

A LONGSHOREMAN FROM THE MILLS HOTEL A GUEST AT THE WALDORF.

BY CHARLES HARVEY--LONGSHOREMAN.

I WENT up to that new Astoria Hotel that's joined on to the old Waldorf Thursday night to compare it for the Journal with the Mills Hotel on Bleeker street, where I'm living now.

Of course, every one who reads the Journal knows what a fine place the Mills Hotel is, because it's just been opened and the papers are full of all about it. And the Astoria's just been opened, too, but it isn't finished yet; and that's the first thing that's different between the Mills and the Astoria.

Now, when the Mills opened it was all done, and everything was cleaned up and straight, but at the Astoria they've got lots of scaffolding and stuff left around right in with all their furniture and things. There was men carrying empty lime barrels and old boxes full of rubbish right through the place where the swell's were with their dress suits! It didn't look right.

Well, the Astoria is elegant. It's all fixed up like the swell parlors in the "Lost in New York" show, only the things cost more and are finer, of course. All the halls and reading rooms and smoking rooms are chock full of elegant chairs that are all gold and plush, and there's one long room that's called the Astor Gallery, and it's just full of rows of chairs with pictures painted on the seats. Every single chair was that way, and there was lots of more like them in other rooms. The floor in the Astor Gallery was just wood, and it would make a dandy roller skating rink, but I guess they use it for dancing when they get the chairs out.

There's one funny thing about the chairs and sofas in the Astoria—nobody sets down in them much, except just a few of the homeliest ones in the halls. Now down at the Mills we don't stand up and walk around all the time; we sit down like we would at home.

I sat down in one of the sofas that had a long post going up one side, for a lump I

guess it was, but I got up again pretty soon 'cause I felt out of place. And that was what was the matter all the time I was there at the Astoria. If I'd been dressed up like the other fellows was I could have enjoyed it all right, but I didn't have no necktie on and my shirt was an old black flannel one. I got my shoes shined before I started out, but I guess the people wondered what I was doing around there. They was all dressed in their swellest; the women and the men both, and they walked around and stood around and talked. It looked like the opera or the theatre to see them all moving about. And there was a band playing on the stair landing near some of the scaffolding, which made it seem more like an opera.

When it looked the best was after me and the friend who was with me sat down in the barroom to have some Bass ale, where we could look out through the glass walls and watch the people passing by in the hall. It cost us 50 cents for the one bottle of ale, and besides that, my friend, who was paying for things, left 15 cents on the plate what the waiter brought the money back on. I thought he had forgot it, but he said it was a fee for the waiter, who hadn't done a thing but pour out the ale and push a spittoon up where we could reach it.

- IN THE HOTEL OFFICE -



BLUEPOINTS 25		CAPE CODS 25		CLAMS 25	
Roasted 40	Broiled 50	a la Louise 75	Stewed 40		
a la Newburg 75	en Coquille 50	a la Poulette 60			
Canapés Anchovies 50	Caviar 50	Sardelles 85	Pickled Lamb's Tongue 50		
Lyon Sausages 85	Sardines 85	Celery 60	Pickled Pig's Feet 60		
Anchovies 35	Pim-Olas 35	Stuffed Olives 85	Pim-Money Pickles 20		
	Herring, White Wine sauce 50				



AN ATTENTIVE BELL-BOY

From a 20-Cent a Day Hotel

seems to me, now that I'm thinking it over, and comparing the Astoria to the Mills, that the Astoria's fixed up too much. Down at the Mills our reading rooms and smoking rooms are just plain, and haven't got all kinds of furniture and rugs and things in them, but they're more homelike than the Astoria rooms, with all the fixings they have in them. I never saw things as elegant as what's in the Astoria, and I suppose if I got used to it and had millions to burn it would seem all right, but it wouldn't be easy to get used to it. Why, some of those chairs and sofas must have cost about five hundred dollars each, shouldn't you think? I don't suppose anything could be more elegant than the way the Astoria's fixed up, and that's about the only way I can describe it, but it ain't any cleaner or slicker than the Mills. They keep everything down at the Mills in good shape.

After we had gone all over the new Astoria and some parts of the Waldorf—it's all like one hotel, only one part's new and the other's old—we went to have a meal in the big dining room, in the Astoria. When you go in you have to leave your hat with the boy outside, and then when you sit down to the table the waiter pushes your chair around for you.

Well, we had a big meal. I never had one like it before. But I guess I went through it all right. My friend told me I did.

There was nine courses to the meal. First we had raw oysters, and squeezed lemon juice on them, and put horseradish on. And there was crackers and pickles. Then we had some fine soup—it was just some kind of pea soup, but I can't remember the names that was on the bill of fare. The next thing was fish, and I don't know what kind of fish it was, but it cost seventy-five cents.

Then there was some ribs of veal which wasn't extra good. But there was some of the best rolls I ever eat, which we had all the time, with all the courses. They took my eye.

And then we had the finest piece of roast beef I ever ate. I haven't had any roast beef down at the Mills yet, so I don't know how this compares with what I'd got there, but it couldn't have been no better. I chose some vegetables to have with the beef, and I picked mashed potatoes—after the waiter had called them out to me in their right names, for I couldn't make head or tale out of what the bill of fare said, and I



"CAB, SIR?"

To a 20-Dollar a Day Hotel.

mind, because I didn't know how exactly, and I didn't want to make a guy of myself for the waiters. They seemed to think I was the whole show, but they was polite, and when I got up the one what waited on us pulled my chair back and then took the quarter which my friend left on the plate. The quarter was all there was left of the ten my friend had give him when he brought the bill up.

My friend had asked me to guess what the meal cost, but I knew it must be way up, though I couldn't guess what it would be. That nine seventy-five was figuring in \$3 for the wine, but it was an awful price to pay. I never expected I'd sit down to a meal like that, and I saw, as my friend showed me, that it could cost lots more. That was enough for me.

If I'm comparing things the way the Journal wants me to I suppose I'll have to tell what my meals cost at the Mills. Well, just now there ain't much to do, and I can't spend much for what I eat at the Mills. In the morning I don't usually get much more than a cup of coffee and some rolls, and at dinner I get a 15 cent meal, with soup and meat and all, sometimes, or else I get hash and about 10 cents' worth. But the 15 cent meal they give is all right, and

- IN THE ASTOR GALLERY -



there's lots of it, cooked good. Supper's just about the same as dinner. I usually get something that costs about 10 cents.

That ain't much like what I had Thursday night, but it does me all right. It looks pretty small beside that meal, but there's a lot of stuff you don't want up at the Astoria what you pay for, and, of course, those is fancy prices there too.

I bet there's lots of people living at the Astoria now what'll be glad enough that there's a place like the Mills to live at in ten years from now.

CHARLES HARVEY, Longshoreman.

How to Get to Sleep.

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, Dr. J. B. Learned, of Northampton, Mass., gave his experience with the many methods of inviting sleep without taking drugs.

He said the cause of delay in sleep coming is generally the brain running automatically without our consent, after we go to bed. He sets to work at once on retreating to direct the respiratory process. He counts his respirations to see that they are fewer in number, regular, deep, and somewhat protracted. In addition, certain groups of muscles are employed in routine order in silent contraction. By constant change other groups are brought into use. He has completed a systematized routine of contraction and relaxation.

A slight elevation of the head from the pillow for a definite time by count of respiration is one of the many changes of position. All this is without any commotion, and need not be recognized by a sleeping companion. Brain and muscle act as parts of the body soon come into the normal state that precedes and invites sleep. A sense of fatigue soon overtakes one while thus employed, and before he is aware, the brain has forgotten its duty to regulate the breathing process, the muscles have ceased to expand to the call made upon them in the beginning, and sleep is in control of all the forces and all the organs.

- AT DINNER -



- IN THE EAST ROOM -